

The Evening World

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THE TAX LIEN ABUSES.

TAX LAWS from necessity have always been ruthless. People fight for a form of government much more willingly as a rule than they pay for its support. Thus it has been found that stiff penalties must follow failure to settle sums due the city.

Many years ago, up to the first administration of Seth Low, the old City of Brooklyn was put into a desperate financial plight by the failure of its property owners to pay their taxes. William M. Everts was paid a fee of \$20,000 to draw up an act that would operate to correct this condition. It worked and is the basis of our present law in the greater city.

The defect of the situation now brought to light by hardship in the case of a soldier seems to be that any one can pay an overdue tax bill and amass to himself the penalties. It would seem as if with the ample security behind it of a first hold on all realty involved, the city could better afford to wait and secure the benefits to itself, and at the same time be always in a position to deal justly in cases where the victim has been unfairly caught, as in the present instance.

The resolute Karl Rönner announces that all the High Nightmares of the Central Powers are together in one grand and potent thought-fest. Meanwhile events are moving for once, more powerfully than the wills of Kings or Kaisers—with the strong arm of our republic supplying the irresistible!

AUTOCRACY.

IT IS EASY for an executive to become impatient at the antics and delays of the legislative bodies placed in front of him by a wise and well-tested Constitution. Confusion is sometimes held to be not the best guardian of our liberties. Keen administrations make up their minds rapidly. Legislative leadership encounters many cross purposes.

Yet it seems going far for the President to indicate to a constituency the kind of representative he prefers it to send to a seat in House or Senate, as Mr. Wilson has done in a number of instances. If there was a sure way by which a human being might always be right, this course could be commended as emanating from superior wisdom. Alas, no such surety exists, and we must take men as we find them and meet affairs as they fall.

No President ever received such full-hearted support from people, press, or House and Senate as Mr. Wilson has enjoyed. It seems superfluous, to use no harsher term, that he should single men for elimination who were on the way out by their own conduct, and who may save themselves now through his interference.

It is announced that some trainloads of captured bombs and mortars will tour the country to stimulate bond buying in the next drive. Trophies always thrill.

WORK OR FIGHT.

M. R. GOMPERS has acquired a large influence since the war began, and we think it has been sagely exerted. He is wrong, however, in his protest that draft rules for workers should not be made to apply.

Usually the lowest stone has to carry the heaviest load. In the present exigency this is not the case. The farmer and laborer are being richly rewarded. The pinch is falling upon the middle class and the people with fixed incomes.

Yet these do not begrudge either the farmer or the workman his fat reward. They only ask, as they have the right to, that the farmer till his acres up to their capacity and that workmen put in full time and do their utmost. Surely this is a small request against the sacrifice of blood and treasure being made on every hand.

Oh, joy! The Pub. Serv. Com. has heard that the subway is not working satisfactorily and will look into the matter soon!

Letters From the People.

**Youth Ready to Serve.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I read Dr. A's letter concerning drafting of college students. Has he, or others who agree with him, a son or sons—college students—who they want exempted by this indirect way of claiming college students should not be drafted? If so, they had best drop the idea. Does he think the business class will not object also?  
I am not quite eighteen and I would have joined the colors long ago, only I do not want to go against my parents' desires until I feel that my help is needed badly to assist cripples, the Kaiser, Dr. A, the college boys of '76, didn't wait to be drafted, so why should we of '18 wait for the draft and then claim exemption.  
EIGHTYTHREE.

**Eight Reasons Against Drafting Boys.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I take the liberty of expressing my disapproval of the plan to reduce the minimum draft age limit to eighteen years because: First—In talking to men and women of my acquaintance I have become convinced that there is a preponderance of opinion unfavorable to that measure. Second—The experience of military powers demonstrates that intense military training is adverse to the development of men below twenty years of age. Third—It seems unfair to expect military duty from those not considered mature enough to vote. Fourth—If the first draft bill, which would draft men from twenty-one to thirty-one years of age, was more strictly enforced, it would, in my opinion, materially increase the size of our forces. Fifth—I believe that, before calling mere boys, the uniformed clerks in the army and navy should be released

for active fighting service and replaced by men above the age limit. Sixth—With a much smaller population than ours both France and England raised more than the 5,000,000 men we are now aiming for before drafting boys below twenty. Seventh—France did not reach her young men of nineteen and eighteen until she had exhausted her older classes, including men in their forties. Then they were trained under special conditions required by their youth. Eighth—While we probably have more slackers I am convinced that our men prefer to do their country's fighting and are opposed to its being done by our kids.  
C. A. M.

**Sailor Couldn't Get Cent-a-Mile Rate.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Was not a bill recently passed whereby men in the army and navy would be enabled to travel on the railroads for one cent a mile? My son, who is in the naval service, was recently granted a furlough, and when he made application for the one cent per mile rate he was told that his furlough was such a longer leave? He was not entitled to it. In order to secure the other rate he would have had to pay \$12.25. If he had secured the other rate he would have paid a little more than \$6.  
Is not a man who is given a short furlough (hardly enough time to travel home and return) just as much entitled to the cheaper mileage as the one who is given a longer leave? It seems to me that if there is any distinction the one who should be benefited is the man who can get only a few hours off his ship.  
If the Government feels that it should give the men in its service a cheaper rate, why does it not do so? I know I am not the only one who is interested in a case like this, and perhaps some of your readers can explain why such a condition exists.  
J. T.

Germany's "Retreat Specialist"

By J. H. Cassel  
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Musings of a Matrimonial Slacker

By William V. Pollard

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III.—He Almost Marries the Wrong Girl.

I MET Sylvia in a delightfully unconventional way. She and her mother came to consult our firm about renting a summer cottage. Never before had I felt an interest in a lady client. But with Sylvia I was hopeless. She captured me completely and to keep step with her demands required some complicated jangling. However, the darling promised to marry me when I should be earning enough. My salary at that time would not have been pin money for Sylvia, who only bloomed when much cash of the realm was lavished upon her.

Among the fascinating women in New York she was the most fascinating with her graces and dimples and pretty clothes. When we went out together, I knew every other man must be envying me.

Even Dick Emmerson, one of our senior partners, congratulated me on having chosen Sylvia. He was a prince, himself; fine-looking and successful and extravagant. It was always a mystery to me how Sally Emmerson, typical school marm, ever attached Emmerson. But as might have been expected, they had separated.

Through Emmerson's intervention, the firm, on my twenty-third birthday, raised my salary. I was elated. Sylvia and I could now set up house-keeping.

I imparted the glad tidings to my love and we went out to dinner to celebrate. She chose a restaurant that charged exorbitant prices.

When I asked her what she would like to eat she said, "I don't feel like having much, Bill. It's so warm. Just order Bologna caviar."

Sylvia said she wasn't hungry. But it took a good slice out of a week's salary to buy enough Bologna for her delicate appetite.

When she had had her fill of "just caviar" she said: "There's only one thing more I'd like, Bill, dear. Ask him to bring some melon soaked in a quart of feed champagne."

As in a dream I obeyed my queen's commands.

Sighing contentedly, Sylvia announced, "We'll have many of these little dinners after we're married. I won't bore you with too much domesticity." She seemed perfectly happy, but I was not so happy, trying to figure how we could possibly exist on my income.

I was still downcast when I reached the office the next morning. In con-

trast, Dick Emmerson was jubilant, greeting me with "My divorce goes through to-day, Bill. Great, isn't it, old man?"

I loved Sylvia and wanted to marry her. But I envied Em. his newly acquired freedom. I was half sick, knowing I could not hold Sylvia unless I gratified her whims. One day the mercenary little imp telephoned and asked Dick to meet her to discuss a matter of business. She wanted to ascertain from him, a man of position and money, what the future held for me, a struggling young fool.

Em. was my friend and—I could stake my life—gave me a crackling recommendation. But when Sylvia learned of his divorce her affections automatically switched from me to Em.

Hah! Hah! Certainly not. What had he to say when Sylvia decided to become Mrs. Dick? Nothing whatever. And did he not shoulder a responsibility which was looming too large for me?

In the past ten years Sylvia's capacity for spending a little more than Em. earns has consistently increased with his income. So he lives with his nose screwed to the grindstone in order to keep his doll baby pleased. I could never have done it so gracefully, gracefully and resignedly as Em.

It was just another of my lucky escapes. And here too.

Newest Things in Science

A one man gasoline driven machine has been invented to deliver up to 1,000 hammer blows a minute to freshly laid concrete road foundations to give them even density.

Backed by Norwegian capital, water power plants will be built in Iceland that will produce 697,000 horsepower five months in the year and 1,114,000 horsepower the other seven months.

A new receiver for wireless messages, which will bear stations ten miles away, is but little larger than a fountain pen and transmits sounds when one end is inserted into a person's ear.

Because insects collect at the upper end of screen doors an inventor has brought out one in two sections, permitting children to enter through the lower section without admitting insects to a house.

Making the Most of Our Children

A Series of Plain Talks to Parents

By Ray C. Beery, A. M., M. A., President of the Parents' Association

Do You Indulge Your Children?

YOU don't necessarily spoil a child just because you indulge him. This is contrary to the old idea, of course, but many of the old ideas are absurd and need to be modified if not actually cast out.

It is true that children are frequently indulged in ways that are detrimental, but the trouble in most cases is that children are indulged at wrong times and in the wrong manner. Indulgence, when properly executed, is one of the most effective instruments in the hands of parents.

To illustrate: A mother writes to me: "What can I do to make my nine-year-old boy quit acting foolish? He continually tries to mock Charlie Chaplin. I am ashamed of him, especially when we have company. I have never indulged him in it and he knows that it provokes me. Scolding has only made him worse. What should I do with him?"

Indulge this boy in the very thing he likes to do. Get his confidence. Spend a few minutes' time paying close attention to him and laughing with him. Tell him you want him to stage a Charlie Chaplin stunt for you—tell him to run with his toes out and with his hat on one side of his head, &c. Suggest various forms of dramatization and show your appreciation of whatever effort he makes for you.

At this time you will have gained at least his momentary confidence and you are ready for suggestion. Say, "All right, now I want about three more stunts and that will be enough for this time!" Proceed to suggest three things for him to do. Approve him on the execution of each one, suggesting in each case the number to follow and, after the last one, say, "You're getting to be quite an actor. I'll have to have you act for me again some time."

Immediately after making the last remark, change the subject to something of a serious nature but one in which he will surely be interested. Speak in a low, confidential manner, which will be such a contrast to what has gone before that it will be quite unnatural for him to try to continue the play.

By using this method for two or three days you will have him under control. If, after indulging him in the manner suggested and after you have assumed a serious attitude, he still tries to get you to laugh, say, "Yes, I see, but that's enough now." Then immediately ask him some serious question.

Many mothers, in dealing with a case like that described, would find it difficult to keep from saying, "Oh, you needn't think for a minute that I am a duncel of myself!" But this would be worse than futile. In response to sarcastic or unfriendly remarks, the boy would simply take delight in "getting back" at his mother by teasing her more.

The natural tendency of fathers in treating the case would be to threaten punishment and perhaps handle the boy roughly. But this is not advisable, because it would tend to make the boy secretive and the father's influence over the boy would thus be impaired.

The method recommended is correct because it secures results without friction. The parent is working with the child rather than against him, and since the result is secured through confidence it will be more lasting than if the appeal had been made to lower motives.

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**"Make Your Wills,"**  
Veteran's Greeting

MAKE your wills and say your prayers," said the cheerful Black Watcher to Tommy Kehoe, Britain's youngest fighter, as the seventeen-year-old mascot and his pals entered the trenches. "For if any of you lads get out of this hole alive you'll be lucky. I can tell you that. Dead Men's Alley we've named it, for of all the blooming unlucky spots on the line this bit of trench is the worst of 'em all. Maybe we weren't a nervous lot when we heard that! Oh! I felt cold and shaky all over."

Telling his story through the pages of Boys' Life, Tommy says: "For the first few hours after the Black Watch camp and his regiment of grimy old veterans left us it didn't take much to make us think the Germans were coming. Sometimes one of us would believe he smelled gas and we would grab for our masks. If the German typewriters—machine guns—rattled a little louder than usual our officers would imagine they were getting ready for a raid and would call every man of us to the firing step. The first time I got there I found I couldn't reach the top, so I got a sand bag and stood on it. That made me just high enough to see over and shoot."

"Yes, but enough people seem to want an anti-saloon law in some places to keep the barrooms closed," said Mr. Jarr.

"Say, ain't you got a nerve coming into a man's place on a bright day when business is bad, anyway, and nobody allowed to sell soldiers and sailors anything but near-beer, which they don't like, and talking them hard-luck stories?" asked Gus.

"What do I care about them people what don't go into saloons?" They wouldn't come in when I'm feeling good and make me sick with such talk. They keep away. I ain't them people that will close me up. It's the customers that come in where I run a respectable place and swing me for what they should pay. Them's the people that will close me up."

"Cheer up, Gus," said Mr. Jarr. "This town is too cosmopolitan a city to stand for blue laws. I was just teasing you."

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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Verily, Verily, Before Marriage, a Woman Prinketh and Adorneth Herself in the Hope That She Shall Meet Her "Fate;" but, After Marriage, She Donneth All Her Glad Rags in the Hope That She May Meet Her Worst Enemy.

VERILY, verily, my Daughter, when will a man understand a woman's vanity? For the reasons WHY she prinketh are as vague unto him as Buddhism and more mysterious than the coils of her hair or the sources of her moods.

Lo, when no human eye is nigh to observe her she powdereth her nose and fluffeth out her hair and bitheth her lips to make them red and kissable. Yea, like the wicked, she poseth when no man pursueth. Behold, I watched a damsel at her dressing table while she arrayed herself to go to the grocer's for a bar of soap.

And she toiled as faithfully as Murillo and Raphael at her task, putting on camouflage with infinite care and exquisite technique and soaking herself in epikenard and myrrh and Bouquet d'Armoir, without stint. Yea, an HOUR she labored at her task of love, and lo, when she was arrayed, a milliner's manikin were not more wonderful to behold!

And I questioned her, saying: "WHY should thou thus martyr thyself for the sake of the grocery clerk and the corner policeman?" But she smiled cunningly and answered me, saying: "Nay, Sister, not for those! But ALWAYS, whenever I go forth upon the Highway do I adorn myself as though to meet my FATE!"

"For, how do I KNOW when He, the Prince Charming whom I seek, shall appear or whether I shall meet him on the high seas or in the ball-room or in the grocer's shop? And wouldst thou have me, then, unprepared and without my lamps trimmed and all my weapons bright and shining?"

And it came to pass that she MET him, and it was even as she had said. She was READY—and he had not a chance of escape!

And lo, when she had been two years married and was known as "matron," I again watched her at her labors before the mirror. And it was even as before. For her prinking knew no limits and her subtlety was greater than ever. And she would not venture forth until her finger-nails were bright and shining and all her "lines" perfect and her MOST becoming hat adjusted at its MOST flattering angle.

And I marvelled; for I knew that she was going only to the corner for a spool of thread.

And I questioned her, saying: "How now! Thou hast met thy Fate and 'thy fortune is made.' Wherefore then dost thou array thyself, as a damsel for the Love-Chase?" But she smiled at me pityingly and answered me, saying:

"Nay, verily, not for the Love-Chase! But ALWAYS, whenever I venture forth upon the Highway, do I array myself as though to meet my WORST ENEMY—even in all my war-paint and all my glad rags! For how can I KNOW where she lurketh in hiding? And shall she then say of ME, 'Poor thing!' Nay! Not while hope and beauty creams still survive!"

Verily, verily, every woman floateth in her own loveliness and adorneth herself for her OWN delight and for the joy of being adorned. And she inventeth her EXCUSE—afterward!

For, whether it be to inspire love or to inspire hatred or only to inspire envy, BEAUTY is its own reward! Selah.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

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THE military parade had passed with the California contingent in the lead, and during refreshment, Mr. Jarr came into Gus's place and looked around solemnly.

"What's the matter mit you?" asked Gus, who grew restive under Mr. Jarr's quiet scrutiny of the place. "Selling anything?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Buying anything?" asked Gus. Then he frowned and said, "What's the matter mit you, I sett?"

"And the place is open then?" remarked Mr. Jarr, as if he were hardly convinced of the fact.

"For sure it is open," replied Gus. "It ain't 1 o'clock at night, is it? It ain't Sunday, is it? And it will stay open."

"Don't be too sure," said Mr. Jarr solemnly. "The Anti-Saloon League has closed up forty-three thousand saloons, and the moving pictures have closed as many more. You never can tell what one will be the next."

"This one won't be the next," said Gus, but he spoke uneasily. "Say," he added, "how do they close them, do they come in mit an axe and bust your mirror and smash the bottled goods?"

"No, the moving picture theatres compete successfully and the Anti-Saloon League has laws passed to close them," said Mr. Jarr. "They pass laws to close Coney Island too," said Gus, "but it ain't closed. I don't care as long as it ain't no rough work, busting things with axes. Because them kind of people can come in your place and smash it, and if you hit 'em you get arrested."

"Yes, but enough people seem to want an anti-saloon law in some places to keep the barrooms closed," said Mr. Jarr.

"Say, ain't you got a nerve coming into a man's place on a bright day when business is bad, anyway, and nobody allowed to sell soldiers and sailors anything but near-beer, which they don't like, and talking them hard-luck stories?" asked Gus.

"What do I care about them people what don't go into saloons?" They wouldn't come in when I'm feeling good and make me sick with such talk. They keep away. I ain't them people that will close me up. It's the customers that come in where I run a respectable place and swing me for what they should pay. Them's the people that will close me up."

"Well, my wife, Lena, she goes right out and buys a hat mit two bolts on it as big as geese and says to me if any policeman says a word to her she'll stick a hatpin in him. But they don't bother her. Only, when she is coming home, little Leander Slavinsky heaves a rock and hits both bolts and spoils them; only he don't do it on purpose."

"But it was the fashion to trim hats simply. In the present military style, that killed both bolts with one stone, rather than the little Slavinsky boy," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Them bolts on my wife Lena's hat was already dead," said Gus, "but now you say it, I remember there is a law against killing any kind of birds. But Tony, the bootblack, before he got drafted, used to go to the country mit a gun on Sunday and kill robins to make pot pie and he didn't get arrested."

"Well, there is a law against killing any kind of birds, and Tony would have been arrested if he had been caught," said Mr. Jarr. "That is," he added, "there's a law against killing any kind of small birds except sparrows."

"Ita!" said Gus, "and nobody can kill them sparrows! I guess it's like the beer business—you watch, it ain't dead yet. Besides, people can cook it at home if the best comes to the worst."